THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 4. Whole No. 56.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning, Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

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FOR SALE,

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Really worthy the attention of the curious,

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Jan. 11

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Feb. 15.

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Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

ON NOTHING.

On *nothing* must I, Rosa, write,
And no one charm of yours indite?
The Muse is most unruly—
A theme more easy she would woo,
More soft, more beautiful than you,
And that is *nothing* truly!

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MIRROR.

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER V.

With the exception of my black beard, and sallow complexion, (which I fear not even the waters of Lethe can wash away) I assure thee that I am now become an absolute Englishman. My spare legs are cased in a pair of polished jockey boot, though I never mount any other nag than a jaded French Pegasus, and at a coffee-house I can articulate the word, 'waiter,' as correctly and confidently as a native of Marylebone. I read English books and I criticise English plays. I went to one of the London theatres last week to witness the representation of Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of the *Wonder, or a Woman keeps a secret*. This piece has, I believe, never found its way to the French stage. Lend me thy patience, while I gravely descant on its merits.

The three comedies of Mrs. Centlivre, which still defy the attacks of time, owe that distinction, not so much to their general excellence, as to the strong colouring bestowed upon some one leading character. The Londoners are attracted to the theatre, not by the plot or incidents in *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, but to admire the versatile talents of some favorite performer, in the part of *Feignwell; Marplot* has given permanence and celebrity to *The Busy Body*, and *Don Felix* is the guardian genius that has snatched *The Wonder* from the waters of oblivion. It does not fall to the lot of every dramatist to invent three characters of sufficient excellence to outlive the changes produced by nearly a century in the customs of life, and Mrs. Centlivre's merit in having so done, is increased, when we consider the difficulties under which she lived and wrote. Justice, however, requires me to observe, that in building her Temple of Fame upon Spanish ground, she has chosen as fruitful and luxuriant a spot as any in the regions of Parnassus. With an edifice possessed of such conveniences as lattices, back doors, balconies, and clothes presses, and wielding such apt tools as Spanish cloaks, hoods and masks, he must indeed be a left-handed son of Apollo, who cannot contrive to contruct a machinery capable of accommodating the whole court of *Harlequin*. Place your comedy in Spain or Portugal, and property-man and poet contribute an equal aid in administering to the 'cunning of the scene.' Harlequin appears habited in a Spanish hat and cloak, *Columbine* assumes the ruff and mantle, *Don Pantaloon* surprises the lovers with a troop of alguaziles and inquisitors at his heels, the pantomime runs through five acts, and the gravest nation in Europe is converted into the merriest.

With such convenient tools in hand, the least we can expect from an author, is, that he should make proper use of them. A lover should not be thrust into a bed-chamber when there is an unoccupied closet, or flight of back stairs at his service, and a lady should not commit downright treason against the *dignus vindice nodus* of the poet, by volunteering a dilemma, for the mere pleasure of breaking through it. Alas! what rapid transitions from joy to pain are experienced by lovers on the boards of a theatre! 'To distress them,' says an able English critic, 'as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist.' A very slight review of one of the many plots contained in the *Wonder*, will shew the propriety of that critic's observation.

Isabella, the daughter of Don Lopez, & sister of Don Felix, elopes from her father's house to avoid marrying the man she hates. In this affair, by a process dramatic, if not natural, she meets with the man she loves, and that in a way too curious to be omitted. Let us hear her own account of the matter.

Isabella. I leaped from the window into the street.

Violante You have not hurt yourself, I hope.

Isabella. No—a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms. At first my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

This Valentine wooer proves to be Colonel Briton.—If Violante, in her next speech, had enquired what assurance was necessary, besides the evidence of her own eyes, to prove that a handsome young Scots officer was not an ugly old Spanish grandee, I cannot surmise what answer the ingenuity of Mrs. Centlivre would have put into the mouth of Isabella: perhaps, like Peter, in Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, she would have checked her, 'as one who pryed too irreverently into a mystery.' Colonel Briton conveys Isabella for safety through the first street door he finds open, which happens to lead into the abode of Violante. If we concede to the authoress the improbability of such an incident, the consequences are natural enough. Violante solemnly promises not to betray her friend, and Colonel Briton, on secretly entering the house to visit Isabella, is discovered by Felix, who naturally concludes the visit to be intended for Violante. He is enraged and taxes her with inconstancy: the lady valiantly perseveres in keeping the secret, and this is '*the Wonder*' from which the play takes its title. A wonder indeed! Violante prefers picking a quarrel, to reposing a confidence in her lover. A simple declaration from her, that a lady in disguise had claimed her protection, would in all probability have satisfied a gallant Spaniard. Or why not at once tell Felix in confidence that his sister Isabella was in the house? For it does not appear that he had participated in the iniquitous scheme of his father. A *wonder*, however, there must be! So Violante prefers silence to explanation, her lover makes his exit in a rage, and his mistress is left to console herself with this exclamation, 'Oh exquisite trial of my friendship! not even this shall draw the secret from me!' Surely a secret so kept, is rather a proof of the *indiscretion* of the sex, and confirms more than falsifies the old proverb.

Mrs. Centlivre knew enough of Latin to understand the meaning of *experientia docet*, but that adage was certainly unknown or forgotten, by her heroine Violante, when, undismayed by the mistakes of the morning, she consents to meet Colonel Briton, *veiled*, to sound the depth of his honourable attachment to Isabella. The colonel hesitates, till assured that his mistress has ten thousand pounds. Our male *Danae* melts at the intelligence, and appoints to meet Isabella with a priest on the *Terriero de piassa*. The usual stage interruption now ensues in the arrival of Felix; and Violante, in her wonted prudence, conceals the colonel in her bed chamber! The discovery of this naturally produces a new quarrel, and poor Felix is rebuked for his *jealousy*. Surely these were not 'trifles light as air:' to all appearance they were 'confirmations strong' enough to provoke even the husband of Sterne's Grisette.

My review of the play, naturally leads me, as a resident in England, to lament the disadvantages, under which an author labours, who lays his scene in the United Kingdom. The architects of the nineteenth century have banished corner cupboards and closets; those sally ports of Cupid are therefore stopped up. English drawing rooms are now divested of tall screens 'to find or to hide any thing we want.' Their very chimnies are so constructed as charitably *to supercede the necessity of climing boys*, and if a lover wishes to escape the intrusive husband, by eloping from a modern dining room, it must be

By a miracle I think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.

In this unfortunate predicament, dramatists might even lay down the pen in despair, and probably would do so, if not encouraged by the increased complaisance of English husbands. I would therefore advise writers for the stage, not to let the favoured lover risk the Moorish ceremony of impalemant, by encountering the iron railings, in an exit through the window; but to make him put a bold face on the matter, greet the husband with a polite bow, and quietly walk down the front stairs. Let the audience in the pit condemn such a proceeding as unnatural; the author may confidently rely on the approbation of the audience in the boxes, who will be bound to applaud it as perfectly fashionable.

THE PLACE OF THE

DAMN'D.

All folks that pretend to Religion and grace,
Allow there's a Hell but dispute of the place;
But if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd,—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound
Most certainly there is a Hell to be found,
Damn'd Poets, Damn'd Critics, Damn'd Blockheads, Damn'd Knaves,
Damn'd Senators brib'd, Damn'd prostitute Slaves;
Damn'd Lawyers and Judges,
Damn'd Lords and Damn'd Squires,
Damn'd Spies and Informers, Damn'd Friends and Damn'd Liars;
Damn'd Villains corrupted in every station;
Damn'd Time serving Jacobins all over the Nation,
And into the bargain I'll readily give ye
A Damn'd Cowardly *President*, and Counsellors privy.

An Irishman, wishing to cross a river, got into the vessel on horseback. Some one enquiring his reason, he said he was in a hurry.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8.

For the TICKLER.

....

Mr. Scratch'em,

The following lines styled '*MODERN FRIENDSHIP*,' a subscriber wishes you to insert in your useful paper. Whether they are original or a copy, perhaps you may decide; at all events, take them as they are; many I am confident will feel the weight of them.

.....

Whilst fortune smiles, and plenty fills your board,
Whilst copious draughts your cheering vaults afford,
Whilst rosy health supports the human frame,
Whilst credit lasts and whilst exists you fame.
Whilst you've plenty, and whilst cash to spend,
So long you're known, *so long you have a friend.*
But change the scene—let fickle fortune frown,
You stand forsaken, and alas! unknown,
Let wretched poverty and hunger press,
Let want hang out the *ensigns of distress*,
Let sore afflictions sink your feeble frame,
Let cruel slander, wound your honest fame,
Let neighbours slight you and let credit fail,
Let sheriffs come, and creditors assail,
Where's then your friends? Alas! you search in vain,
Self interest swayed, unheeded you complain,
Alas! how oft in Friendship's garb array'd,
Deception triumphs, hapless man's betry'd.
Pretended friends in every clime abound,
But *real* friends, are rare as comets found.

CONFIRMATORY.

[Many well-meaning persons, strangers themselves to villainy, and entertaining a high veneration for the clerical function, have hitherto withheld their credence from our repeated publications respecting the scandalous conduct of a fellow, who had almost succeeded in imposing himself on his enthusiastic admirers for something more then human; but we trust that the authentic accounts recently received from Virginia will serve to convince all, (who feel open to conviction) that the doctor has forfeited every claim to their regard.

In all we have written or published on the occasion, we do not wish to be understood that we have been actuated by a want of reverence for religion—no!

'Tho' the *lewd* priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.']

Extract to the Editor, *dated*

Winchester, (Va.) Feb. 12.

"As the *Tickler* has for some time been silent on the subject of the *Amorous Divine and his fair Convert*, I presume that a few particulars relative to this couple, (to enable you to continue their history) will not be uninteresting. This reverend gentleman and the fair convert, accompanied by a son of the former, passed through this place some time in the month of ——— They remained a day or two at the principal hotel in the town, in the greatest privacy—so much so, that during their stay, the landlord was not once admitted to an audience; on their departure, the son discharged the bill, and on being asked by the landlord, replied that his father's name was Jones. The son drove a cart, which contained an almost innumerable number of packages, trunks, &c. I should first have premised that no suspicion whatever was attached to the gentleman by the landlord or any other person during his stay in town, as he was perfectly ignorant of him. Nothing further was thought of him, until last week; a gentleman stepped into the store of a merchant of this place, who visits Philadelphia frequently, and purchased a variety of articles, such as are indispensible in cases of *accouchement*, as wines, brandy, flannels, &c. The features of the person attracted the attention of the merchant. The bill was demanded, and the merchant asked the name to head it with—Newcom was the reply. The merchant observed to the gentleman, that his features assimilated more to the *Rev.* Mr. Hey's, of Philadelphia, than any man he had ever seen—he answered that he some times was taken for that gentleman, and withdrew. He came to town in a sleigh. Now it appears that several months since, a gentleman and lady stopped at Newtown (about 7 miles from this place) where they took lodgings a few weeks, they then moved to the Sulphur springs, about 2 miles from Newtown, where they took a house, passed a brother and sister, (the lady was pregnant.) If I am correctly informed, no suspicion attached to them during their stay there. They at length returned to Newtown, where they again took lodgings. People have become suspicious. The gentleman took ill and was attended by a physician, who was on terms of intimacy with the Rev. Mr. ———, of this place, who was possessed of the knowledge of Dr. Hey's departure from Philadelphia, the companion of his flight, &c. and who also was the intimate friend of the merchant I have before mentioned. On these three gentlemen comparing the several circumstances each of them possessed, it was unanimously determined, that Mr. Jones, alias Mr. Newcom, was no other a personage, than the Rev Dr. Hey of Philadelphia. This has since been corroborated by a gentleman who was frequently one of Dr. Hey's auditors in Philadelphia. Report says, that the lady is *near her time*. They are attended by a maid servant, who extols their liberality—she says that they pass for brother and sister, occupy separate beds, &c, but shrewdly observes that they *hug & kiss* too much to be so nearly related. During his illness, he became petulant to his physician; on his recovery he apologized, by observing, 'that he found he had hurt the Doctor's feelings—that he had, by being accustomed to address large audiences, acquired a habit of speaking peremptorily."

SYMPTOMS OF SPARRING.

....

The case of *Gideon Olmstead* against the heirs of *David Rittenhouse*, Esq. former treasurer of Pennsylvania, has lately excited a considerable degree of interest, in consequence of the part the state has taken in that suit. But a short time previous to the session of the legislature for 1802—3, no notice whatever was taken of the claim of the state to the sum in litigation. At that period, when the law passed, famous for being an almost all preamble and no section law, the editor was printer of the English journal to the House of Representatives and printer of the laws, and recollects to have heard the wonderful Johnny Goodman, at present a justice of the peace, and possessor of the miraculous vinegar casks, but at that time a member of the House of Representatives, express himself in terms of doubt respecting the integrity of Mr. Rittenhouse, and that he endeavoured to insinuate that Mr. R. had wished to appropriate this sum to his own emolument. Goodman concluded in a manner that induced the editor to think that he viewed the discovery of the nature of the transaction, as a newly acquired '*mare's nest*.'

Thomas M. Thompson, Esq. then secretary of the commonwealth, told the editor that he had drafted the bill. Simon Snyder by voting in its favor, assisted in passing it into a law. From the age of Mr. Thompson who drafted the bill, we are certain that he could have no personal knowledge of the merits of the case, which the long preamble endeavors to enumerate—hence the possibility of error—and error or misrepresentation exists somewhere; for the preamble to the law of 1803, and the recapitulation of the grounds on which the supreme court of the U. States ordered the peremptory mandamus to issue, directly contradict each other in many material points.

From a calm view of both statements, no dispassionate man would hesitate to pronounce that Gideon Olmstead is justly entitled to the sum in controversy; and that no one, except Binns, would have the effrontry to exculpate Snyder from all censure, by saying that he was only acting in obedience to a law passed before his accession to his present office, when it is a notorious fact that Snyder was not only a member of the House of Representatives at that time, but actually voted for the passage of the bill.

As to Duane and Binns' difference upon the point where censure ought to be attached, it is of no consequence to society, unless there still is virtue in the old adage 'when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.'

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Casper Schneider, formerly one of the bright constellations sent from the county to the state legislature, lately applied to the *King of Ignorance, Simon I.* to be appointed inspector of salted provisions, and backed his application with a present of a barrel of nice *oysters* for the governor. But whether *fat* Ben Reynolds sent a better present; or whether his sycophantic tergiversation was deemed more valuable than Casper's oysters, we know not; but Benny holds his office, and Casper now wishes that the oysters, shells, barrel and all, were safely lodged in Simon's bread basket.

BULLETIN OF FOLLY,

March 4, 1809.

It has ever been the policy of tyrants to amuse the giddy and unthinking populace with shews and spectacles of various kinds, to engage their attention, while they are either rivetting chains on their persons or minds. Our demagogues are fully sensible that the American people estimate civil and religious liberty too highly, ever calmly to submit to the imperious dictates of arbitrary task masters, and they resort to sinister purposes, to gull them with a belief that they are following the impulse of their own free will, while they in fact are surrendering up their judgment to the dictates of these tyrants of the mind.

For several days previous to the fourth of March, the democratic party were busily employed in making preparations for celebrating that day with military pomp declamation and music.

An unfortunate selection of an '*Orator of the day*,' set the party by the ears, and after much altercation, it was agreed that there should be no speechifying; thus was jail-bird Binns cut out of an opportunity of figuring as an orator.

In that vehicle of detraction, slander and falshood, the 'Democratic Press,' of the 2d inst. the following *decree* was published regulating the

"*ORDER OF PROCESSION.*

1. The Philadelphia Militia Legion.
2. Commissioned and Staff Officers of the first division, P. M.
3. Civil Officers of the Federal and state governments.
4. Mayor, Aldermen, Select and Common Councils, and Police of the City of Philadelphia.
5. A platform drawn by four horses, on which is to be a girl heckling flax---a girl spinning chain on 'Baxter's Improved Family Machine'---a girl spinning, filling at a six spindle frame--a woman weaving cotton bagging, & a girl to hand bobbins from the spinner to the weaver.
6. A band of music.
7. Committee of Arrangement. Committee of Correspondence appointed in pursuance of a resolution of the town meeting, preceded by their chairmen, and the person appointed to read the Declaration of Independence.
8. Tammany and other Political Societies.
9. Incorporated Benevolent Societies, according to their acts of incorporation.
10. Mariners, Ship Carpenters, &c.
11. Associations of Citizens not incorporated,
12. Private Citizens.
13. Democratic Young Men wearing the state cockade, with flags and martial music.

The procession to be formed in front of the State-house yard, by half past 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and its movement announced by a discharge of 17 rounds of artillery; the legion to form with its right on 4th street, displaying westward, to move down Chesnut to 4th st. down 4th to Spruce, down Spruce to 3d; up 3d to Vine, up Vine to 5th, down 5th to Chesnut-street, and into the State-house yard, there the Procession to arrange itself round the platform, the music in the centre.

MARTIAL MUSIC.

Declaration of Independence to be read.

After which the business of the day will be concluded by

MUSIC.

The committee recommend to the several Associations to leave the State-house yard in regular order, and return to the places where they first assembled, there to disperse; the legion to fire a discharge of 17 rounds from their field Artillery, and a *feu de joi* of 3 rounds from their infantry."

The above was followed by an address to the democrats of the city and county of Philadelphia, calling on them to turn out on that day, and exhorting them to behave well.

'*Democrats* come out to play,
Your Moon does shine as bright as day,
Come with a *whoop*; come at a call;
Come right *sober*—or come not at all.'

On the morning of the 4th, the furor of folly appeared to have taken possession of a vast majority of the citizens. The procession was the only theme of conversation. At an early hour all sexes, ages, conditions, and colours, thronged to Chesnut and the streets through which Folly was to stalk at Mid-day.

The marshals of the day, (6 in number) reconnoitered the ground, and found that it would be difficult for the ship James Madison to weather cape Fourth-street, owing to the demolition of some houses at the corner of that and Chesnut-streets, by which means 4th street was obstructed by rubbish. The pilot sounded the depth of water, and not finding a sufficiency for the draught of the vessel, he prevailed upon the marshals to bear away down Fifth street, and from thence in the course marked down by the committee of arrangement. This was done, and at about half past eleven, A. M. the whole got under weigh.

At the head of the procession rode Johnny Steel, collector of the port, and commandant of the Legion. As this was Steele's first turn-out as commandant, he was compleatly equipped with a new suit of regimentals; & instead of an eel-skin, with which he formerly decorated his hair, as a symbol of his attachment to democratic economy, he had treated his tail with a new silk ribbon—his legs were armed with leather; thus caparisoned, John moved on, accompanied by that truly *liberal* and *enlightened* knight of the snuff mills, major *Tom Crem*.

Next to the detachment of cavalry came prancing no less a personage than capt. Uhle of the first rifle corps. This famous military character is by profession a barber, and by trade a captain; and we believe that very few of his compatriots in arms can boast of taking so many men by the nose as Uhle has done. He is said to have been very active at the late burning of the effigy; but our information is too limited to enable us to ascertain whether he shaved the wooden figure previous to its being consigned to the flames.

Several corps of the Legion really are entitled to much credit for their neatness, excellence of discipline, and soldier-like appearance, which cannot be excelled by the best regular troops. But, highly as we esteem Fotteral's corps, we cannot avoid remarking his inattention to the hint we lately gave him, to have his three *able* musicians white-washed, as we find it gives great offence to many emigrants from the *Isle of Plumb*, who think it 'a burning shame, that a white man should be obliged to march beside a *black nagar*.'

Our old friend, the keen eyed captain of the sharp-shooters made rather a martial than a brilliant appearance. He however, unfortunately shot a bit of a bull, when he ordered his men to '*parade compleatly equipped, without knapsacks or canteens.*' But we feel a satisfaction in reflecting that custom has admitted his right to shoot a bull, without incurring censure, and that he may plead his peculiar privilege in justification.

The next object worthy of notice was capt. Binney's corps. By what means Binney was chosen its commander, we know not; but if merit and bravery had been measured by the standard of the ancient Israelites, we are morally certain the choice would have devolved on the right-hand man, for he is higher than the rest by the shoulders, and resembles a Scotch lombardy poplar standing amongst a parcel of Irish scrub hazels.

What has become of the lansquenets, or pikemen? Have they all been killed or taken prisoners? We are led to this enquiry, by our not having seen this band of heroes since the famous battle at Point-no-Point.

Capt. Caleb Hughes next figured at the head of his troop of horse. As capt. H. wields the sheers and needle more frequently than the sword, many suspect that he has newly *trimmed his coat*; but this we hope is nothing more than surmise, for we know that many of his associates on that day never will forgive his once 'refusing to aid them in their schemes dictated by political insanity.

Next came a squad of the militia officers, marching with as much exactness to the music as a parcel of elephants would, when attempting to dance upon hot bricks.

The dignity of the United States was supported by a single civil officer; while the honor of Pennsylvania rested upon the shoulders of Ben Reynolds, inspector of pork, and another creature of Snyder's creation.

The stage with various machinery next appeared—several handsome girls graced the platform, but one rather a plump rosy beauty, dressed in white, reminded us of an *Aurora borealis* in the *via lactea*. But how will the *gentlemen* committee of arrangement apologize for their want of even common politeness, in suffering a number of females to tramp the streets & wade through the mud, when a proper vehicle of conveyance could have been procured at a trifling expence?

That worthy conservator of the peace, Ebenezer Ferguson, esq. the well-known terror to the vicious of Southwark, next graced the groupe. We should wish to know, whether the handling of the *hilt* of his sword, did not remind him of a desire he is said once to have indulged, of handling another *hilt* of a very different substance.

The white Indians came next in order——major Anthony Simmons was the most decent looking man among them—the rest were too shabby to merit a comment.

The Tammany Society were followed by several associations, decorated with all the ribbons and flowers our milleners shops could afford. Had we not been previously assured in the decrees of the committee of arrangement, that these men were all *genuine democrats*, we should have almost been induced to fancy, that we had been supernaturally conveyed to the top of the Thuilleries, and were reviewing a parade of Bonaparte's legion of *honor*; particularly when in addition to ribbons and flowers, we discovered many stars and garters, suspended and placed with all the fanciful variety so prevalent among the European nobility. But the delusion vanished, when we recollected that they were only arrayed in their holiday clothes.

The cordwainers next engrossed the eyes of the spectators—considering their general habits, which tend to make them walk with squared elbows, as though they carried their arms a-kimbo, knees inclined, as if embracing the lap-stone, and toes inverted, *a-la mode de pigeon*, they made no mean or ordinary appearance. At the intersection of Chesnut & Third-streets, a pig, who had long eyed the procession, probably conceiving that if he had any right to a place in the ranks, that claim best lay among the cordwainers, as they both *use bristles*, very gravely stepped in among them, but was almost instantaneously ejected from his situation, by the want of sympathy among his fellow citizens.

Owing to the artificial obstruction interposed by the trees down 3d-street, the ship James Madison fell astern of the procession; the legion & other associations in the van kept on, and pronounced the ship to be but a dull sailer. This circumstance gave rise to a very appropriate remark made by a rough honest jack tar: 'd—me, this is all along of a sort---these fresh water lubbers are all deserting commerce.'

At length the ship was extricated from her perilous situation, and moved on in her course, preceded by the pilot boat Simon Snyder. In our humble opinion, the newly appointed judges, prothonotarys, recorders, &c. ought to have went as passengers in the Simon Snyder. The Snyder shook in the wind, and the Madison's sails were laid aback, which occasioned a temporary *lay too* at the corner of 3d and Chesnut-streets.

At last the ship proceeded on her voyage, loaded with rum, crackers and folly. After her rode major Reybold one of the marshals of the day. It is but candid to state, that he made a more handsome and martial appearance than any other mounted officer.

Next in order came the Coopers—this was the only profession that could lay claim to correct representation.

As usual the rear was brought up by a motley groupe—tag rag and bobtail—democratic youth of all ages—sailors and landsmen—men gentle and simple, of all colours—among whom six of '*our red brethren*' appeared to be the most decent.

Killed, none. Wounded, a pig, by the thrust of a bayonet, given by one of the sharp shooters. Master Gordon is said to have contracted a very bad cold, that has added considerably to his rotundity. Prudent persons are extremely apprehensive of a very disagreeable explosion.

Since the above was written, we understand the *poor Pig* has breathed his last. As he died like a soldier, we hope that he will be interred with the honors of war.—On the score of merit he certainly has stronger claims to the distinction, than col. Duane would have, should he inadvertently take leave of this world. Whole number in the procession, 2761.

NB. Colonel Duane did not walk in the procession. His absence is said to have been occasioned by the want of a proper attention in the committee, who neglected to provide him with his favorite riding vehicle. Had a due degree of attention been paid to the colonel's MERIT and *predediction*, 'we venture to predict' that he would have condescended to have graced the head of the procession, RIDING ON A POLE.

TRUTH DECLARED;

OR, THE

MEETING-HOUSE COMPLAINT.

HABAKUK, 2d CHAP. 11TH VERSE.

'For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.'

—

Deserted--left a victim to the sport
Of tyrant men, capricious of their power,
A monument of their perfidy I stand.
Scarce in the prime and vigor of my years;
Sound, solid and substantial as at first,
And undeserving of so hard a fate,
Fit habitation deemed of rats and mice,
And spiders foul, and reptiles of the dust.
Sad change from glory to a fame extinct!
Like honest men scarce thought of after death,
Whilst living vice the palm of virtue bears
And revels in her meed---O! how unlike
The present race of upstarts, to that race
Whose honest fame, ungratefully purloin'd,
Now serves a covering to the shame of these,
And palliates the censure they deserve
By prostitution foul---thus meritless and void
Of honor true; false honor they invoke,
And seek the praise of men: Of other praise
Regardless; tho' that gain'd would cause them joy,
And save much woe! So blinded are their eyes;
Their hearts so harden'd; they discern not worth
Nor value virtue; but as it may serve,
For outward show, how best they might deceive.
Corruption is their father; Gold their god;
And all their pleasures centre in the world
As tho' their home, and at their journeys end.
Ah! how unlike the former age to this!
In nature chang'd--but still in *name the same!*
The substance gone---the shadow only left!
And under saintly show, their lust indulge
For love of cursed gold!! Me, without cause,
Save that of misers for the filthy ore,
Have long abandon'd, and for sale now hold
To highest bidder!! I who once belov'd
By virtuous men, and deem'd a house of prayer,
Where, in the holy assemblage oft they sat;
And oft obey'd the heav'nly master's call
In ministration to their fellow men
Of good old Gospel truths-- not doctrines new
Preaching *themselves*; but HIM they preach'd who sent them.
Such inspiration breath'd--that heaven it seem'd,
And every heart vibrated to the truth.
Here budding vice was check'd, ere it had blown
To riper mischief: Here ambition's wing
Receiv'd a gentle check; and prudent youth
Encourag'd, on their heav'nly journey went.
And oft do I remember (well I may)
The silver-headed veterans of *truth*,
In ardent supplication, on their knees,
Imploring with humility of heart,
The great '*I am*,' to lend a list'ning ear,
And graciously vouchsafe HIS presence here.
The walls resounded to the earnest voice,
And every heart re-echo'd to the theme.
These valiant champions, on the side of heaven,
As passive clay within the potter's hand,
Form'd in divine resemblance, and arrang'd
By HIS command who rules above the sky;
And bid to shine, as when creation rose
A miracle of HIS stupendous power---
So *these* stood up against a world of vice,
And stem'd the torrent of iniquity,
Pure, undefil'd unshaken, unseduced;
Unmov'd by flattery; unseduced by gain!!
And steady as the magnet to the pole,
They travers'd right---a rectilinear road:
And pointing to the oracle of truth,
Their only guide and heavenly polar star,
Ne'er er'd in judgment, nor directed wrong.
Hear them ye sons—hear what the lip of truth
Asserts thro' them; and hearing, O believe!
They taught that morals were from Heaven deriv'd:
That true religion emanated love;
And love and true religion were the same:
That virtue is a gem, which when disclos'd
By grace of God, within the heart of man,
Becomes a bright and signal ornament:
And that the man, who feels within himself,
A conscience void of ill to fellow men;
His morals pure—an inoffensive heart;
Though he aspire not high, to rule or reign;
Or captive lead his fellows by the ears;
Or sit where wisdom oft is sought in vain;
Yet, strange to you—a paradox perhaps,
Ill reconcil'd to your imperious will,
But not less true—he is a virtuous man;
And virtue such lays claim to ample praise.
Such your forefathers were: but this to you,
No cause for joy—it rather serves to shew
Your great declension—O what falling off!
If your progenitors—of whom I speak,
With admiration, and with due respect,
Those pious sages; looking down on earth,
In the great master's vineyard, and behold
Your negligence, presumption, arro ance,
Vain cantings; and soft words of meaning hard;
Foul play, mask'd in a fair and comly garb;
Malicious wishes, with pretences good
Under a spicious discipline of ills;
And even that discipline voluminous
As comprehensive in its dire effects,
And more contagious than the plague
Of most malignant fevers——all aghast,
Surpriz'd, astonished into rage or pity,
How would thee long lament the dreadful change
Too obviously seen.
To me sad change!
Transferred to other master, and perhaps
In ruin thrown, to give a rival room;
And mid surrounding friends be left unknown:
While they are to that impious rival turn'd,
Regretful there to trample o'er,
Their brothers' dust, and sacrilege commit.
By what strange passion led, could you usurp
The sacred region of the sacred dead,
And force the grave disgorge her habitant,
In violation of all obvious right,
And shame to savage men—what could be more?
In every age, and every clime on earth,
As far as history leads or fables tell,
The Pagan, Turk, or Jew, or savage tribes;
Or civilized—all sacred held the ground
That covered human clay---the various sects
Of christian men, yourselves excepted keep
In memory sacred, or on tablets wrote,
To point the little spot of kindred dust:
A lesson of mortality to man,
And grateful to the feelings of his heart.
But this by you deny'd, nay even the place;
Lest memory, tenacious of the charge,
Retentive prove, and witness the foul deed,
The glutted graves are form'd in lengthy rows;
Confus'd in order, like to garden peas;
And like to peas, unripe and green, are pluck'd,
And with innumerable others toss'd!
The ground you covet and expel the dead,
Nor own them rightful tenants of the grave!
But headlong send them to one common vault!
To rest ere while they feel another change!
More savage than the savages themselves!
Ruthless barbarians, men of cursed renown,
For none but such could do a deed so foul!
In shape like men, but brutal in your hearts;
Expect ere long to feel a vengeful arm,
Vindictive nature will assert her right;
In peals of thunder on your heads,
Which to the centre of your o'ergrown power,'
Will rightly shake, and leave you to just scorn.

The assertion made in our last number, that Lewis Baker was the person who officiated as principal hangman, at the burning of the effigy, proves to be entirely incorrect. The publication was made in consequence of the information of John Knott.

New Theatre.

MR. JEFFERSON'S BENEFIT,

Wednesday Evening, March 8,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

(NOT ACTED HERE THESE SIX *YEARS)*

a Comedy, in 5 acts, called

WHICH IS THE MAN.

Fitzherbert	Mr. Warren
Beauchamp	Mr. Cone
Belville	Mr. M'Kenzie
Lord Sparkle	Mr. Wood
Pendragon	Mr. Jefferson
Lady Bell Bloomer	Mrs. Wilmot
Julia	Mrs. Wood
Sophy Pendragon	Mrs. Francis

End of the Comedy, the following comic songs,

Miss Deborah Diddle & Sir Gilbert go Softly, of Gooseberry Hall, Mr Jefferson

Song, *Feyther and I*, Mr. Bray

Jackey Gilpin's intended journey to Brighton, Mr Jefferson

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A Musical Entertainment, never performed here, in 2 acts, called

CATCH HIM WHO CAN.

Philip, with a comic song, Mr. Jefferson.

☞ On Friday, A WORD TO THE WISE, with the *APPRENTICE*, for the benefit of Mr. Wood

Mrs. Barrett's benefit on Saturday

THE CREED OF

A DEMOCRAT,

OF THE LATEST IMPORTATION.

I do not believe in any thing that is antient, fixed, stable, or perminent.

I believe only in the virtues of change and experiment.

I believe that all crowned heads (*except the French Emperor's*) are tygers prowling for prey.

I believe that all ministers are jackals, purveying for such tygers.

I believe that the Constitution of the U. S. is bad, will be worse and ought to be destroyed.

I believe that it is wiser to rush into any evil that may await change, than to attempt to mend what is amiss; because life is not long enough to wait the slow progress of reform.

I believe that all geod governments are made for the existing members, and that they have nothing to do with posterity.

I believe that the next world has nothing to do with us, and consequently that we have nothing to with the next world.

I believe that every rich man is a rogue, and ought to be poor.

I believe that every poor man is honest, and aught to be rich.

I believe in the rights of man, as far as they serve to give me a right to live independent of all controul, as a man ought to do.

I believe that the only fit men to frame a government for freemen, are those who have always lived independent of any government whatever, as *they can only know* what freedom is.

I believe in Tom Paine, as the preserver of this world.

I believe that W. Duane, is an experienced oblique Colonel, and I believe would fight if—*he had courage.*

I believe Bonaparte's measures towards the Spaniards are correct.

TIM SHALLOWPATE.

Tim Shallowpate, a roving youth,
Of every virtue was possest,
Excepting honor, faith and truth,
Religion, candour, and the rest.
Tim, though a valatudenarian,
Like many a fool,
Of fashion's school,
Would swear and bluster, scold and fight,
No matter whether wrong or right;
But in a book,
Would seldom deign to look;
So being but a bad grammarian,
Would often cry,
'Study will never do for I;
'I read, indeed! no, sure 'tis *much more betterer*,
'To game, and drink, and laugh, intrigue *et cetera*.'

'A friend oft ventured to reprove:
But vain was all his kind advice,
His shallow head, or callous heart to move,
Intemp'rate pleasures still the youth entice.
At lengh he cried, 'my counsels I give o'er;
Soon, thou unthinking youth,
Deaf to the voice of truth,
Wilt thou thy guilty course deplore,
If thus thou still continuest to behave,
Like one who nought for filial duty cares,
Thou wilt with sorrow hasten to the grave.
Thy tender sire's grey hairs.'

'A fool!' thought Tim,
'What are my father's hairs to him!'
Then turning sharp, he cried with valour big,
'You lie! that's flat.
I fear not that,
Old grey beard, know, *my* father wears a *wig*.'

PLEASURE.

What is pleasure? Is it to revel in all the luxuries riches can procure? Is it to have thousands at our command, and kingdoms subject to our will? Is it to mingle with the busy crowd in quest of wealth, or to join with the votaries of fashion, and bow the knee to elegance and beauty, bedecked with the tinsel of ornament, and giddy with adulation and flattery? The heart will answer, 'this is not pleasure.' Satiated with those trifling enjoyments, in which the best emotions of the mind, the noblest virtues of the soul, can bear no part, we are continually roving in search of something unattained, and as the objects of that search are even worthless, because below the dignity of a rational being, disappointment mocks eager hope, and happiness eludes the eager grasp.

Is it then found in courts where the smooth tongue of deceit, with honied accents, proffers friendship; and while one hand is extended to embrace the unsuspicious victim, the other grasps a dagger for his destruction? Or is it what the wild enthusiast terms love, which could 'live on a look, and banquet on a smile;' which, discarding the sober influence of reason, is founded entirely upon the delusions of the imagination, and vainly thinks perfection dwells on earth? But beauty is a flower, fragile as it is lovely, transient as the mists of the morning, which vanish before the mid-day sun. When, therefore, this charm of an hour disappears, they, who looked not at the superior beauties of the mind, turned with disgust from the face no longer fair.

Where then is pleasure to be found? It is in soothing the sorrows of the afflicted; in 'feeding the hungry, clothing the naked,' and teaching joy and gladness to illumine the pale countenance of affliction, that we are to seek for happiness. The tear of gratitude, the look more eloquent than a thousand words, which speaks the thankfulness of the heart, are more to be praised than the wealth of Indies, and afford a satisfaction far superior to all that pomp and power can produce.

THE DEMOCRAT.
A TRUE STORY.

A Democrat in Hampshire county,
Who feeds on presidential bounty,
Was plagu'd with *Rats*,
Which dogs nor cats,
Nor all his vigilance could quell;
No method could be taken,
To save his cheese and bacon,
But all in their rapacious clutches fell.

The depredations, nightly made,
Upon his interest sorely weighed:
And every plan,
Contriv'd by man,
Was tri'd and found of no avail.
At length he call'd his boy,
To help him to destroy
The rats, and told the lad this tale.

'There is a faction quarter'd in my house,
Call'd by the vulgar, *Rats*;
But they are neither rat nor mouse,
But vile aristocrats,
Go get a trap of well tried steel,
And make the curs'd marauders feel
My vengeance dire,
And fiercest ire,
And the just fate of every fed'ral seal.'

A trap was bought,
And three rats caught,
One the first night the trick was tried,
The boy brim full of glee,
His father ran to see—
'I've caught three fed'rals,' he exulting, cried.

'Well done, my faithful boy,
We'll soon the race destroy;
Once more go set your rusty trap,
And all the rascals we'll kidnap.'

The duteous son the sire obey'd,
And one more thorough trial made;
And the next morn,
At peep of dawn,
On tiptoe to the fatal place he stole.
Soon as the trap he sought,
He found that he had caught
Two rats and one blind meadow mole.

With joyful heart and staring eyes,
He to his well pleas'd father hies.
And as he came,
He show'd his game,
With exultation quick exclaim'd the brat,
'I've caught two fed'rals and a democrat.'

'What do you mean? how! caught a democrat!'
The father quick rejoin'd,
'Why,' says the son, 'I think the name is pat,
Because he is stone blind!'

A *shoemaker* being enamoured of a young girl, while urging his suit, assured her that he loved *her* as he did his own *sole*, and that she would find him true to the *last*.

[*This has no allusion to Col. John Gamble.*]

From the New Jersey Telescope.

AN ODE,
(MUSIC, "HAIL COLUMBIA,")

To be sung on the fourth day of March, 1809, being the anniversary of the *triumph of Liberty!* in the election of Thomas Jefferson to the office of President of the United States. Composed by SIMON SNUG, Esq. member of the NATIONAL INSTITUTE, and Poet Laureat to Thomas the First.

Hail! thou great auspicious day!
On thee, fair freedom's purest ray
First shone upon our happy land;
First shone upon our happy land;
And took the wreath from Washington,
To grace the brow of *Jefferson!*
Let this great *triumph* be our boast!
Never let this day be lost!
Sound it far in loftiest strains;
The *philosophic* Thomas reigns!

CHORUS.

Breathe in softest notes the lute,
Sound melodiously the flute;
Tell it to each distant shore,
The '*Reign of Terror*' now is o'er!

Hear the god-like man invite
Columbia's children to unite;
Fell Discord hide thy snaky head!
Fell Discord hide thy snaky head!
'The *Feds* and *Demos* are the same,
'They only differ in the name.
'Henceforth let party spirit cease;
'Begin the reign of meek-ey'd *Peace!*
'To posts of profit and of trust,
'I'll only name the wise and just.'

CHORUS.

Behold, ye highly favor'd race!
No *knave* is left in power or place;
From well-earn'd bread and office torn
The *war worn Soldier's* call'd to mourn!

Behold, those vile opprobious laws,
Which cram'd a *gag* into our jaws,
To dark oblivion are consign'd!
To dark oblivion are consign'd!
In time of peace no martial band
Excites our fears!—o'er-awes our land!
No fines or costs our pockets rob;
No *Tar* and *Feathers* by a mob!
Our speech can punish, or restrain:
The Laws and Constitution reign!

CHORUS.

Let the sweet celestial note
Sound from ev'ry patriot throat;
'The reign of *mild & equal laws!*'
Give to Jefferson applause!

From north to south, from east to west,
What country is so greatly blest!
From Massachusetts to Orleans,
From Massachusetts to Orleans,
The *mouth of honest labour* fill'd,
And e'en the voice of *faction* still'd!
At home, the *plough* and arts of peace,
Bid happiness and wealth increase;
While *Commerce* with her sails unfurl'd,
In triumph *rides across the world!*

CHORUS.

Come all who plough the *earth* or *main*,
Come, grateful swell the joyous strain!
O give our Sage the honour due,
Who ev'ry blessing gains for you.

How our gallant *Navy* rides!
Gun-boats blacken all our tides!
And *Wasps* and *Hornets* scour the coast,
And *Wasps* and *Hornets* scour the coast;
While *Frigates* spread our fame afar,
And triumph over Neptune's scar.
The haughty *tyrants of the sea*,
Before our flag ignobly flee;
And *Gallia's monarch*, stain'd with gore,
Must still respect *our* happy shore.

CHORUS.

Let the loftiest strains arise,
Gallant nation! just and wise!
But if forc'd to come to blows,
Destruction must o'erwhelm thy foes.

Wond'rous Sage! thy labours cease;
To Monticello go in peace!
And visit thence thy *secret Mount*;
And visit thence thy *secret Mount*;
There shall the Muse record thy name,
And hand thee down to *deathless* fame!
And when the great destroyer—Death
Shall seize at last thy vital breath,
May thy own *twenty Gods* unite
To raise thee to their world of light.

CHORUS.

Let the man who is thine *Heir*,
Thy own *prophetic* spirit share:
And, quitting this terrestrial ball,
O let thy magic mantle fall.

2d chorus.

Then shall the wond'ring nations own,
That *wisdom* here has fixed her throne:
And distant ages bow the knee
To *Jefferson* and *Liberty!*

DR. BUSBY.

The late Dr. Busby having chastised some of the boys at Westminster school, they resolved to revenge it, which they effected in the following manner: They daubed with filth the balustrades of the stairs leading to the school, which the doctor, being infirm, always laid hold of. He was much incensed at the trick, and on reaching school offered a reward of half a crown to any boy that would inform him who had a hand in it. The apprehension of those concerned may be imagined, when a junior boy rose and said that he would tell, provided the doctor promised not to flog him, which being agreed to, the lad directly exclaimed—"*You*, sir—*you had your hand in it!*"

Published every Wednesday morning,

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

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